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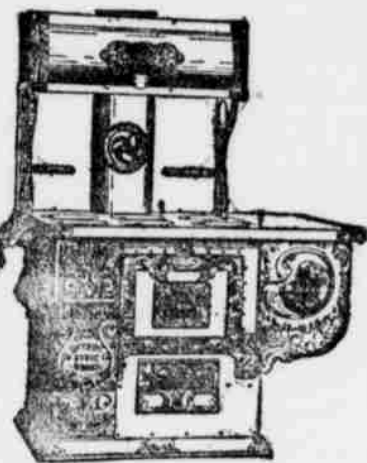
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Talmage Sermon

By Rev.

Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 2.—At this time, when renewed attempts are being made by the enemies of religion to undermine the old established foundations of faith and to revolutionize the Christian Sabbath, this sermon makes a vivid contrast of "the old time religion" and the new. The text is Psalm xl, 3, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

Emanating, depressing and numbing is the maxim propagated by some lazy, nonprogressive people as the rule of thought and life; that "what was good enough for our fathers should be good enough for us." I would yield to no man in my reverence for the memory of the sainted dead whose sacred dust lies in our cemeteries. No flowers are there too fragrant for the family plot, no epitaphs too eloquent or too reverent to recount their virtues, nor, when the family finances are adequate, any mausoleum too imposing to enshrine their remains. I have always found out when investigating that if a son does not respect the memory of a dead mother he will not respect the living wife, who becomes the mother of his children.

We should hold sacred the dust of our dead. That is true, but we should never build the hillock of the grave so high that it will dam back the onward flow of the "waters of knowledge" and change the "river of progress" into the "stagnant pool of ignorance and sloth." When the past generations did their work they did it well for the time and the conditions in which they lived, but the dead generations would not do as they did in the past if they were living now. We would not cry "halt" to the "forward march" of scientific investigation; neither would we compel the church of the Lord Jesus Christ to "mark time" by the grave of a Justin Martyr, a Calvin, a Wesley, a Luther, a Knox, or bivouac with eternal somnolence in the chambers of a Westminster abbey, where the honored ecclesiastical fathers gathered July 1, 1643, and composed the Presbyterian Confession of Faith and our Longer and Shorter Catechisms.

But, though we would not consider our ancestors infallible in their opinions nor absolutely wise in their ways of living, yet, on the other hand, we must grant that our ancestors knew a great deal more than some of us are willing to give them credit for. Though our forefathers' "lightning expresses" were only canal boats and stagecoaches and sailing boats, in which most of us would be afraid to cross Long Island sound, let alone the Atlantic ocean, that is no reason why they did not know how to develop Christian men and women as successfully as do we. Though our ancestors for the most part had no books save that of a Bible, a "Pilgrim's Progress" or a Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," that is no proof that they did not know as much of God and hold the truth in its purity as we do. Though we who have access to such vast modern libraries, and yet today we find a spirit of "exterminating iconoclasm" abroad. Man's profane hands are digging up the old foundations and destroying the old altars and ridiculing the old ways merely because they are old. I would not have you bend the knee before the hillock of an ancestral grave as though it were a shrine, but I would have you respect and not destroy it and use that hillock of a grave as the stepping stone to a higher throne. The living may in some things be right where their Christian ancestors were wrong, yet we have only to look around at the modern innovations and observe the effect they have on the community to be convinced that in some things our Christian ancestors were right and the modern innovators deplorably wrong.

Undermining the Foundations.
In the first place, I protest against the iconoclasm which is undermining the foundation stones of our ancestral Sabbath. Its desecrators have been going up and down the length and breadth of the land asserting that religious worship can become as much a form of dissipation as drink or overeating or overexercising can be. They make a wrong application of our Lord's words that the "Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." They affirm that it is absurd for a business man who has been at hard work for at least six days of the week from 7 o'clock in the morning sometimes until 10 or 11 or 12 o'clock at night to be compelled to get up on Sunday in time for an early Sunday school, then to attend two long church preaching services, and then perhaps to attend a Christian Endeavor society besides.

They contend that Sunday should be a day of rest and that what a man needs upon the Sabbath day is relaxation. He should go to bed Saturday night after a hot bath with his mind perfectly at ease. As he crawls into bed he should be able to say to himself: "Now, I can lie here just as long as I please. If I awake at 9 o'clock, all right. If I can sleep to 12, better still. Then after I awake I will have a cup of coffee and a roll brought to my bedside, and I will eat a little and then stay in bed for another hour, reading the newspaper. Then after dinner I will take my children out to one of the public parks or down by the seaside

and get a sun bath and a view of God's trees and valleys and hillsides, or I will go to one of our great art galleries and look at the pictures. It is impossible for me to go and see the painters' and the sculptors' masterpieces on any other day. Therefore the city art galleries should be opened on Sunday. Then in the evening hour I will go to church if I feel like it. If I do not desire to do so I will go to bed again and rest, rest—yes, just rest. By such a system of rest I shall be invigorated and shall return to my work the next Monday strong in body, clear in mind, more loving to my family, the human race at large, and to God himself. That," says our iconoclast, "is my idea of the Sabbath day. I do not think a hardworking man has a right to make his Sunday a day of hard work in churchgoing, so that he works harder on the Sabbath than he does on any other day of the week."

The Old Fashioned Sunday.
Sabbath iconoclasts, is that the way you would have man spend his Sabbath? Well, already your modern teaching in reference to the Sabbath too well has taken root. Your premises are wrong, for you know not to what conclusions they tend. To see whether your grandfather's Sabbath or your own is the better I would have you compare the two side by side. Thirty, fifty years ago the man who made Sunday a day of pleasure was looked upon as a blasphemer, an out and out enemy of God, of the church and of the better elements of the social community. When Sunday morning would come even the horses and the stock of the farm knew it was a day of rest. The family would arise a little later than usual. Then they would linger a little longer at the breakfast table. Then the sweetest music of the world would begin to sound. The old village bell would send its silvery notes rolling down the valley. Then, after morning prayers, the horses were hitched up, and father and mother and all the children rode to town in the same big wagon. Then the pew was a family pew, and all the members were there. Then came the sermon, then the journey home, then the quiet yet bountiful dinner, then the afternoon for reading or restful quiet, then the singing of the hymns around the old fashioned piano. No Danzons' orchestra or Theodore Thomas' stringed instruments ever had such enthusiastic audiences and participants as those old family oratorios about the piano, where our sisters played and our fathers and mothers and the rest of the family all joined in the singing. Then the evening church service again or, if the farm was too far away, the evening prayers and early bed. You know, O man, that old fashioned Sabbath day meant more than mere cessation from worldly work. It meant quiet communion with God. It meant Bible study and sacred readings as well as mere rest. Do you wonder that such a Sabbath as our fathers observed was the very foundation of church life, of Christian home life, of Bible reading and of consecration to God?

Alongside of this beautiful Sabbath day of rest I want you to place the modern Sabbath, with its so called liberal ideas. First, where do we find the vestibule of the Sabbath? Namely, Saturday night. To bed early? Oh, no! Saturday night has come. In our large cities the street cars are crowded. Where are the people going? Some to the theaters; others, alas, to places of still more evil resort! Men and women, tired from work now, are turning this Saturday night into the hardest kind of work. They are dissipating for pleasure's sake. To the nonchurchgoer, as a rule, Saturday night is only too often a time for free indulgence of every desire that is bad.

Sunday morning is here. Where do we now find most of the nonchurchgoers? Again crowding our railroad trains and cars; picnics, ball games, outing parties, where the breweries and the wine sellers get their biggest revenues. The beautiful pictures of the family Bible which we used to study as a boy have given place to the silly pictorials of the Sunday newspaper. Everywhere on the Sabbath sin simply runs riot. In many cities even the saloons and playhouses are full. Instead of the quiet family group going to the village church, now almost every country road near an adjacent city has its yelling rioters, half drunk or entirely debauched, who are off for a day of sin. Do you mean to tell me, sensible man, that the modern way of spending the Sabbath is as profitable as a day of rest and communion with God as were the Sabbath days our forefathers observed?

Rigid Observance of the Lord's Day.
The rigid observance of God's day as a day consecrated to himself is the most important foundation stone of the church of Jesus Christ. Without it no true gospel consecration can exist. I know that in some homes the lines were too tightly drawn and in them the Lord's day was gloomy and was a weariness to the children. Henry Ward Beecher, the brilliant pastor of Plymouth church, used to give a humorous description of such Sabbaths. He described his brother and himself watching the sun go down over the western hills. In his boyhood Sunday was observed from the setting of the sun Saturday to the setting of the sun Sunday. No sooner would the sun sink over the western hills than these two boys would let out a great yell, crying: "Hurrah, hurrah! Sunday's over. Now for some fun!" But, though the Puritanic Sabbath was sometimes very angular in the rigid observance, I claim that Sabbath had ten chances to where the modern Sabbath has one of producing such a family as Lyman Beecher developed.

I protest, in the second place, against the iconoclasm which would eliminate from our lives the divine principle of concern for the welfare of others. Profane iconoclastic hands have been un-

dermining the foundation stones of our sacred Sabbath. Aye, these enemies of God have been doing more; they have been sneering and ridiculing the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan. They have been declaring that a man's neighbor belongs not to the family which lives next door to him. The only neighbor who has claims he would recognize is the wife or child who lives within the four walls of his own house. He has been asserting that a man's chief duty in life is to himself and his own.

"Can any good come out of such a Nazareth?" I once read of a great conqueror invading a country of the far east. One day he entered a temple where stood an idol so beautiful that not one of his followers was willing to destroy it. With an oath, the conqueror said, "If you will not obey my commands I will destroy it myself." He lifted his battle-axe. As he raised himself in his stirrups—for he had ridden his horse into the temple—with a mighty blow he shattered the idol into a thousand pieces. Then, to his followers' surprise, he revealed the fact that the inside of the idol was not a vacuum. It had been filled with thousands upon thousands of golden coins, which as a lava bed burst from the broken statue and rolled to the feet of the western iconoclast. The iconoclast who destroys the beautiful image of charity and benevolence may think that he, too, will be able to grasp the wealth which it pours forth on the needy and the suffering, but he will be disappointed. The economy which refuses to give help to those who need proves a canker to prosperity, and those who withhold their charity come to poverty. The command is that he who loves God loves his brother also, and the converse is true that he who does not love his brother proves that he does not love his God.

The Golden Rule with our ancestors was a practicality and not a mere theory. "Where are you going tonight, mother?" the father often asked. "You look tired. You ought not to be going out tonight." "I know it," she would say, "but I must go. Our neighbor is very sick. I am afraid she will not get well. They have sent for me to come and spend the night with her. I have fixed everything for breakfast. If I do not get back in time in the morning, you can get along somehow."

The dearest delicacies ever cooked in the mother's stove were not for the growing boys, with healthy, vigorous appetites. They were for the poor consumptive young girl who used to sit day after day upon the neighbor's veranda in the noon sun, smiling at us as we trudged away to school. My, how we cast longing eyes at those Jellies! We then at times almost wished we could be sick, at least for a little while, to get a taste of them. And how warm and comfortable the mittens looked which mother knitted for the poor children living over the hill! And when the farmer who lived down in the valley was prostrated with typhoid fever and lay for months, hovering between life and death, don't you remember how your father and the neighbors took turns plowing his fields and sowing his grain and getting in his harvest? They say that that sick man was once a strong athlete. However that may be, when upon his sick bed he heard what his neighbors had done and how they had kept the wolf of hunger from his door he cried like a little child. He became just such a sick man as Ralph Connor depicted in one of his backwoods tales.

Then the funerals of our fathers and forefathers. They never allowed a neighbor to be buried like a dog or a friendless pauper, as sometimes we do. No. They literally practiced the gospel rule: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." When their neighbors wept, they wept. When their neighbors were lowered into their open graves, they themselves held the ropes that gently let down the coffins. Was not that way better than our way? We live and breathe only for self. Was not the Christian helping hand our forefathers extended to the troubled ones in their midst better than the icy stare with which we regard our neighbors? We grumble in a street car because we have to wait for two minutes while a funeral procession, wending its way to the cemetery, is holding us at a crossing. The Golden Rule which our forefathers practiced should never be allowed to slip out of our lives. The sick man who lives next door to us should be just as carefully cared for and nursed by us as if he was our own son.

Clubhouse Versus Home.
I deplore also the iconoclasm which is robbing this country of the sanctity of home life. The iconoclast's profane hands are ruthlessly laid upon our ancestors' Sabbath observance and our forefathers' doctrine of "Do to others as you would have them do unto you." They go further than this. Those same profane hands are also snatching away our ancestral home enjoyments as well. They are saying to modern man: "Man, do not be an old fashioned granny. Do not think because your grandfathers found most of their enjoyment in the society of your grandmothers and your uncles and aunts that you have to find most of your enjoyment in the society of your wives and children. Do not forever be a 'stay at home.' Come; let us build for you a clubhouse, where you can find nightly fellowship with strong and brilliant men. Come out of that little hemlock of yours. If you want to give a reception to your friends, do not give it in your home. It is too small. Hire a big hall in the center of the town, where you can receive in better style. There, instead of having a few cakes baked by your own hands and some ice cream which you made in your own freezer, you can have a fine caterer furnish an elaborate supper; instead of having your own daughter sing a simple song or your little boy

recite a piece you can have the finest of orchestras furnish the music. If you want speaking, you can hire a professional elocutionist to recite. This is an age of progress. The clubhouses, the public reception halls, the large diners given in large downtown restaurants, just as certainly mark the evolution of the human race in pleasure as a locomotive train is an improvement over the old prairie schooner or the telegraph communication by electric wire is an improvement over the 'cowboy's express' that forty years ago used to carry the mail from New York to San Francisco before the great Union Pacific railroad was built."

Do you, my brother, think for one instant that the advent of the modern clubhouse and public reception hall and Delmonico banquets is a moral improvement for modern men over the old fashioned quilting parties and sewing-making frolics which once made the rafters of the old farmhouse creak like the beams of a ship at sea and bend almost like William Tell's bow? Do you think this? I do not. I believe that any enjoyment which a man is compelled systematically to find outside of the society of his wife and children and home is a depleting, enervating and ultimately degrading enjoyment. I believe that any enjoyment which systematically makes a mother neglect the care of her children to nurse girls and to hired hands is an enjoyment which is poisoned through and through by evil influences which will ultimately bring forth harvestings not for God, but for Satan. I believe this tendency of the human race, this evil poison almost everywhere prevalent, to find enjoyment anywhere, everywhere except by your own fireside, will ultimately result in a second downfall of man as dramatic and overwhelming and complete as when Adam and Eve ate of the fruit of the forbidden tree unless man himself, by the grace of God, halts and turns again to find his chief pleasures in the associations of his wife and children within the four walls of his own home. "I hope after we are dead that our children will believe we have loved them and have wanted to be with them more than with any one else on earth." They lived for us. Yes, our parents lived for us. May we be like the old folks. May we find our chief enjoyment not only in living for our children, but also in the companionship of our children, no matter how old or how young they may be. May modern society not be evolved into the pleasures of a clubhouse or a public reception hall, but be evolved into the sanctified enjoyments of a Christian home.

Worldly Success Versus Christianity.
But, lastly, I would state that the iconoclasts of this day are trying to sidetrack the chief purpose for which our forefathers and foremothers lived in reference to their children. Instead of leading a parent to the altar of Jesus and saying, "Oh, fathers and mothers, the chief desire of your lives should be to consecrate your children at these altars and have them make a public profession of Christ here," they would break these altars. They would say: "Here is the statue of wisdom. Dedicate your children here. Send your boys to college and give them an intellectual education." "Here is the statue of Midas. Sacrifice here, that you may leave them money." "Here is the statue of fame. Make out of your children great orators or painters or musicians, or authors." Thus we see scores and hundreds of parents working by day and night to give their children—what? To give them to God and the higher life, as their parents tried to do? No. To give them to a worldly success, which those parents in their hearts know may only lead their children to moral ruin and perhaps to eternal death.

O man, I ask of you one question. It is a blunt question. Will you answer me? What would you sooner have had your father to be—a great speaker, a great financier, a great general or a simple, noble, pure hearted and devoted servant of Christ as he was and is today in heaven? You answer well. There is but one right answer. Then, if the noble, pure, gentle Christian life of your father meant so much to you, can you not, will you not give to your boy the same Christian heritage? By the sacred altar of God's love will you not follow their example? Will you not carry out the dying wishes of your now redeemed and glorified parents and consecrate yourself to your Divine Master? Will you not here and now lead your boys and girls to the feet of Christ and consecrate them to the Master also? Shall not the chief purpose of your Christian parents in reference to their children be duplicated in the chief purpose of your life, to bring to Christ your children and your children's children?

Today let us have some of the old fashioned purposes and ways and habits of our forefathers. When we are dying may we never be ashamed to utter the words which Dwight L. Moody said to his children. You all have read them: "May we not be ambitious to make money. May we not be ambitious for worldly fame and honors. May we simply be ambitious to find a consecrated, earnest place to work in God's vineyard and have in that vineyard our wives, our children and all our friends working by our side in the Master's name." That purpose is a noble purpose. That purpose God will bless as he has blessed that holy purpose in the lives of the old fashioned folks who are now in heaven awaiting the home coming of their children. That purpose forms the true foundation, the maker and builder of which is the living and true and pardoning and redeeming and ascending and glorified Christ. May God answer the fulfillment of this prayer for pulpits and pews alike.

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